

# Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

## "A Storm Of Swords"

(feat. Planetary)

*[Planetary:]*

Yo, serious syllable wordplay, verse spray  
Like a desert bird plays, niggas where the curb lay  
Turn pagen, pretty shitty on a church day  
Your city my committee, tussle where the dirt stay  
Smokers try to sell dirt trays to undercovers  
Old heads feed kids, have to run the numbers  
Damn shame niggas in my crew can't bang  
You demand fame, here's my man frame, champagne  
Swig to the wig, Belle vodka hit my rib  
Corona beers with a slice of lemon first dig  
On an open mic, growl follows, space over night  
Destroying your perimeter, players and prototypes  
(High powers) Lifting your soul through God's shower  
Resurrected your spirit with lyrics for top dollars  
My squad holler the loudest, y'all niggas childish  
We grown folk here, spitting raw street knowledge

*[Planetary, Vinnie Paz:]*

Y'all can't touch us, cause we ain't fucking around  
And y'all can't fuck with us, or else we bucking em down

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*[Vinnie Paz:]*

This animal rap, cannibal rap that we make  
I hate all, hate law and hate jake  
I hate everything that you stand for, it's fake  
Cuz anybody biting the God's a day late  
I maintain, handle beef Islamly  
Manage my life calmly, like I was Gandhi  
Fucking with Vinnie Paz, the one man army  
It take a shank and metal tank to harm me  
Come on b, why you trying to build  
Why you trying to get ya whole entire family killed  
I'm like a demon outta Amityville  
I'm the motherfucking reason that you had any skill  
With tight ill, crack ya head like when an egg drop  
And put you in the figure-four leglock  
And make ya head bop, cause we the rawest around  
Vinnie Paz, with my man Stoupe holding me down

*[Planetary, Vinnie Paz:]*

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*[Planetary (Vinnie Paz):]*

Surrender and quit (or I'mma let the venomous spit)  
Tremendous equip (we bugging off the Hennessy sip)

The weaponry hit (we hit you with the heavenly shit)  
Only reason you live (cuz we at the end of the clip)  
The energy split (young cats must be sick in the brain)  
We hitting the vein (cuz all of y'all spitting the same)  
We tripping the flame (and mounted all the chips in your chain)  
We stick to the game (ran and inflicted the pain)  
The stitches remain (and matter fact, we sonning y'all kids)  
And after that we snatching up your son and your wiz  
(We robbing the kids, and putting metal slugs in your wigs)  
We stuck in the crib (frozen with your gut to the fridge)  
We cutting ya ribs (Jed Mind stifling y'all)  
We trifling fall (we pointing fucking rifles at y'all)  
(You ain't icy at all, we provoke the sheisty to brawl)  
If y'all sleep, Outerspace slicing your jaw

*[Planetary, Vinnie Paz:]*

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